

Good Morning

S3

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

BENEATH THE SURFACE

By AL MALE

I WONDER how many battles are won and lost, how many worlds conquered, how many new national dailies never published, and how many masterpieces of English literature never written, in that venue of journalists, "The Cheshire Cheese," Fleet Street.

Strange that this world-famous inn should still echo with the babel of enterprising editors, creative-caption-writers, pseudo-prophets, and all the conglomeration of headline breakers and broken headlines.

The ghost of Samuel Johnson seems to delight in throwing his master's sayings to the ceiling of that old dining-room, watching them break into particles of wisdom, each grabbed like a pearl from Heaven by a budding genius, and each almost invariably criticised, distorted and re-created, so that the mind-dimmed philosopher dashes into the sunshine of "the Street," brimful of world-shattering ideas, saying with deep satisfaction, "Well, of COURSE... one MUST go to the 'Cheese' for inspiration."

INSPIRATION? Maybe its regulars have become seasoned, and meet there because they prefer the "brew" or the barmaid... or both; but I still fancy—judging by the boisterous atmosphere—that there is something stimulating in the place, and that, unconsciously, the patrons imbibe particles of Johnsonian wit and wisdom... as well.

The results vary. Schemes are planned... and cast aside immediately, as though there were millions more, and better... billets are promised with amazing generosity... alas! only too often, to melt ere the recipient has lifted his foot carefully over the worn stone step and planted it on the pavement of Wine Office Court.

The return to earth may be grim, but the brief period in the imagined editorial chair must be considered worth-while. No pilgrim to Mecca ever trod the weary road with such faith as these diligent frequenters cross the threshold of their gateway to glory.

Imagination is wonderful

Didn't Dr. Samuel Johnson himself say, "Were it not for imagination, sir, a man could be as happy in the arms of a chambermaid as of a duchess"?

Did you hear the creak of that corner chair in the "Cheshire Cheese" as he picked up his glass, sat back, sipped, and cleared his throat in readiness for the next brilliant observation?

IMAGINATION.

John Keats says of imagination: "I am certain of nothing but the holiness of the heart's affection and the truth of imagination—what the imagination seizes as beauty must be truth—whether it existed before or not."

What the imagination seizes as beauty, mark you.

It must be truth, because it is based on truth, even though mentally exaggerated or (more correctly) enlarged.

The probability is that when one imagines beauty in abundance one is only actually allowing one's mind to develop unrestrictedly... becoming more a part of the great whole... beauty... where it belongs.

If one's subconscious mind predominated, then one would live in a boundless realm... be one's fuller self.

GENIUS.

It is surely the limitation of things which is false and unnatural, and which results in genius being regarded as supernatural.

Genius is outstanding, simply because it is extraordinarily natural... closer to the source of things, and, in consequence, able to understand what, to the ordinary mind, seems beyond comprehension.

Whether this state is accidental or hereditary is open to unending discussion.

I am not suggesting that every man and woman can be a genius, but I do say that every person is at times capable of rising to great heights.



The ancient frontage of the old "Cheshire Cheese" in Wine Office Court, Fleet Street.

The phrase, "In tune with the Infinite," is not an empty one.

UPLIFT.

It explains itself, and there are moments when you and I, having, consciously or unconsciously, discarded the mental fetters of everyday life, feel ourselves lifted up, and are capable of feeling part of a higher state, in consequence of which we create something which would normally appear to be beyond our ability, or act in accordance with "the highest traditions... not of the Navy, Army or Air Force... but as we would act were we part of a 'higher' state... actually the Perfect state to which we really belong.

The only difference between "highest traditions," whether of the Services or outside, is the proportion of allegiance to the King of Kings, the King, or both.

The title King of Kings is a figure of speech for the High-

At the Helm

est, the Creator, or whatever or whoever one places above all.

You know the lines which say something about one being "closer to God in a garden"? Well... there are people who really imagine that they must be in a garden to get into that ecstatic state. Nothing of the kind.

If it were so, then many of us, who seldom see gardens, would be denied the joy of this feeling through no fault of our own... totally contrary to all ideas of an all-loving and all-considering Creator.

I find these lines much more comforting... perhaps they will help you fellows:—

Walking in God's garden?
Why, I needn't walk at all,
When everything around me,
From Universe to small,
Sweet-scented violet,
Each Him proclaim.
"We symbolise the Perfect Love,
Oh, hear us, and rejoice
That YOU are of that Kingdom, too,
And YOU, too, have a place
In that Garden,
With the Master,
Share the Sunlight of His face."

Been rather serious to-day, haven't we?

Hope you don't mind it for a change... one can't always be laughing, can one?

Cheerio and Good Hunting.

AL MALE.



In the hands of every man a wheel—in his soul a course. With stout heart, strong arm, and feet firm planted—come storm, come difficulty—the voyage will be made, the Home Port reached.

THE REAL ROBINSON CRUSOE

By STUART MARTIN

I REMEMBER being on board a ship sailing down the east coast of Chile, when one of the officers pointed to a blur on the horizon and said, "That is Robinson Crusoe's island."

He meant Juan Fernandez. And he was wrong. Robinson Crusoe never was on Juan Fernandez, and Defoe, the man who created "Robinson Crusoe," never intended that his character should be there. Read the romance again. You'll find that Robinson Crusoe's ship was making for the Caribbean Sea when she was wrecked. The Caribbean Sea is what is now known as the Caribbean, on the other side of South America from Juan Fernandez. Tobago is the island of "Robinson Crusoe."

The Scottish Crusoe

All the same, there was a man who was a sort of Robinson Crusoe, who lived some years alone on Juan Fernandez. He was Alexander Selkirk, and from his life Defoe took his idea of Robinson Crusoe. But Selkirk on Juan Fernandez was nothing like Crusoe, either in his accommodation or his habits. By the way, his name is not very certain. He once spelled it Selcraig, and he was the son of a shoemaker in the Scottish town of Largo, born there in 1678.

He was a wild lad and he ran away to sea—like so many

others. Some of the old records say that he was so wild the people of Largo were glad he ran away; but you know what gossips are!

Anyway, he became a privateer with William Dampier, the famous navigator, but Selkirk's temper and disposition got him into trouble again and he was landed on Juan Fernandez with some stores, and glad were Dampier's crew to get rid of him, and three others who were refractory.

At the end of four months they were rescued by Captain Stradling; and hardly had they been rescued before Selkirk began to quarrel with his rescuers!

So they put him ashore again, alone with a gun, axe, kettle, his sea chest, and some necessities. As the boat left the shore he suddenly realised his position and yelled for them to come and take him aboard again and he would be a good seaman. The boat's crew didn't listen. They had had enough. And Alexander Selkirk began his lonely life.

His Island Home

He built a hut of pimento trees roofed with grass. He learned how to make fire without matches. He caught goats, and was so fleet of foot that he could outrun them—after his ammunition was spent. He ate raw fish. He made "bread"

from a cabbage plant. He came to the state where he wore practically no clothes. His body was tanned to the colour of an Arawak or a Carib.

What "clothes" he wore (to protect his skin) were made from the hides of animals he caught and killed—with his bare hands.

His feet became so hard that he never wore shoes.

Four years and four months later his signals of distress (for he always hung them out) were answered. He was taken off by a Captain Rogers; and he had almost forgotten his native language.

Selkirk was a first-class seaman, and Rogers (who was in the privateering business) handed over to him the command of a prize. Selkirk gained about £800 in prize-money.

With this dollop of gold he started out for home. He arrived in Largo one Sunday morning when the folks were going to the kirk. He followed them, and as he sat in a pew his mother recognised him. Scene in the dour Scots kirk!

Still Refractory

But Alexander hadn't changed very much in disposition. Maybe the loneliness of Juan Fernandez was the reason. He wouldn't speak to the townspeople. He lived in a cave, made in his father's garden. He used to cry aloud, that he

wished to be back on his island. For what the Scots kirk called his "scandalous behaviour," he was hauled before the kirk session and told about his sins. He knew it all and didn't heed the telling.

The last time he was before the kirk session was for assaulting his brother. He flung out of the kirk and ran away with a crofter's daughter, Sofia Bruce. He never married her, and later deserted her. She died of a broken heart.

Another woman later turned up and proved that she was his wife. She said he was dead, and she took what property he had. They say he died in London.

Up in Largo they have a kind of memorial to him, a statue showing him in his goatskins as he was in Juan Fernandez. On that island there is a monument called "Crusoe's Lookout," erected by the officers of H.M.S. Topaz. And that's about all we know of Alexander Selkirk, who was a good seaman, but a bad lad, and who gave Defoe the idea of his classic, which is immortal. More immortal than Selkirk himself.

Nothing ever becomes real till it is experienced—even a proverb is no proverb to you till your life has illustrated it.
John Keats.

SUNDAY FARE

Take a Tip—No. 3

From C. B. WESTALL

CHASE THE ACE

HERE'S a game which requires little or no skill, and makes a change from Solo, Bridge or Rummy. Any number of players can take part, and the rules are very simple. The dealer is chosen by each player drawing a card, the highest card taking the deal, but Aces are low. Cards rank in Bridge order—that is to say, Spades, Hearts, Diamonds, and lastly Clubs. The dealer deals one card face down to each player.

If any player is given a King he turns it face upwards on the table. The only object of the game is to avoid having the lowest card. The player on the left of the dealer can decide either to retain his card or to exchange it with that of the player on his left. Similarly, he can change in turn with the player on his left, until it comes to the dealer. The dealer can either "stand" or cut. Let us take an example:—

John	Henry	William
H. 4	C. 4	H. 9
Victor	Bert	Ginger
S. 8	S. 2	D. K.

Victor, who goes first, stands on the S. 8. John hasn't got a very good card and swaps his for Henry. Now Henry receives the H. 4 in place of the Club 4; stands, because he now knows he can't lose.

William would have to stand anyhow, because Ginger has turned up a King, and Kings cannot be exchanged. Bert, the dealer, now decides to cut, but he cuts the Ace of Spades and loses the life, for his is the lowest card. The deal now passes to Victor. When a player has lost three lives he is out of the game. The final survivor takes the kitty.

Give me what I have, or even less, and therewith let me live to myself for what remains of life, if the gods will that anything remain. Let me have a generous supply of books and of food stored a year ahead, nor let me hang and tremble on the hope of the uncertain hour. Nay, it is enough to ask Jove, who gives them and takes them away, that he grant life and sustenance, a balanced mind I will find for myself.

Horace, 65-8 B.C.

Experience is the name everyone gives to their mistakes.

Oscar Wilde.

Never, no never, did Nature say one thing, and Wisdom another.

Edmund Burke.

Thrice happy they, and more than thrice, whom an unbroken bond holds fast, and whom love, never torn asunder by foolish quarrellings, will not loose till life's last day.

Horace, 65-8 B.C.

Three-minute Thriller

By NIGEL MORLAND

Death in the Ballroom

THE great ballroom of the Barbizon Hotel was a blaze of light. But the orchestra was not playing, and the dancers stood in frightened groups, staring at the police officers gathered beside one of the tables.

A man was lying on the floor in a pool of blood. A few yards from his body a stained carving knife, grim weapon of offence, spoke mutely of a daring and resourceful murderer who had committed an apparently perfect crime.

Divisional Detective-Inspector Kell, of Vine Street, was explaining the problem to a stolid, indifferently dressed woman of early middle-age. Her wise, forbidding face was known to every person in the room, for Mrs. Pym, Scotland Yard's only woman Deputy Assistant Commissioner, was more favoured by the newspapers than any headline film star.

She nodded briskly. "I get it, Kell. Jan Start's a millionaire"—she gestured towards the dead man—"and he was here with a party. Someone stabbed him while he sat at his table



during a twilight waltz. H'm; very clever." She studied the corpse. "Three stabs, eh? Then somebody's clothes are blood-stained, I'll bet."

LOOKING FOR STAINS.

Kell thought so, too. The killer must have come close to be sure of his victim—and the suspects? Start's whole family were in his party, an ill-favoured collection.

Mrs. Pym lined up the dancers, and walked along the line examining clothes carefully. Dresses; tail-suits; double- or single-breasted jackets—she looked at every one, brushing the dark clothes of the men for tell-tale marks of blood.

But there was none. Yet the killer could not have escaped.

The alarm was too sudden and the waiters had been at the top of the ballroom steps, almost like a guard.

When the detailed examination was over, it looked as if she had failed. But Mrs. Pym unexpectedly returned along the line and courteously addressed a young man. Under her innocent questioning he admitted he was Start's eldest son. His excesses and extravagance were known to most of that fashionable crowd, and there was a real shudder of horror when Mrs. Pym recited the ominous formula of arrest.

(How did Mrs. Pym know the answer? Turn to Page 3.)

ODD CORNER

An absent-minded nod from a general caused a decisive battle in the Spanish-American War. Ralph Baker asked a question, and General Joe Wheeler nodded to himself. Baker saluted, and blew the bugle-call to charge. Luckily for him, the battle of San Juan Hill which followed was won by the Americans.

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Napoleon's Imperial Guard was faced by an angry crowd in 1851. Count de St. Arnaud coughed. He coughed again. "Ma sacree toux!" ("My damned cough!") he exclaimed. An aide mistook this remark for "Massacrez tous" ("Massacre everybody"), and the order to fire was given. Hundreds were killed.

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Edison is a great inventor, but he was wrong in 1893. He was then reported in the "Review of Reviews" as saying of the future: "We shall almost certainly be flying. As one result of the flying-machine we shall probably be delivered from the institution of war, since such terrible destruction will be possible with a corps of fighting aeroplanes that no nation will dare to risk it."

× × ×

In 1933, in "The Shape of Things to Come," H. G. Wells foretold a European war over a German invasion of Poland. Date—1940. Not so bad!



What is it?

Here's this week's picture puzzle for you to solve. The answer will be given in next Sunday's issue, S. 4.

Answer to last week's picture is—the top of a candle.

It's Funny, But— HE NEVER, DOES SHE?

WELL, it is a bit of a riddle—even the psychologists admit that. Women can do most men's jobs, and men can do most women's, but why is it that you never see a woman—

Flying a kite
Sailing a toy yacht
Picking a watch to pieces for fun
Sitting for hours on a river bank with rod and bottle
Collecting butterflies with a big green net
Playing a drum
Cutting something in the bark of a tree
Chewing tobacco (thank goodness!)?

And why do you never see a man—

Sitting doing nothing with eyes open and hands in lap
Giving the name and address of his new girlfriend to all his pals

Wasting a day and two bus fares to save sixpence at a sale

Dusting anything when it isn't absolutely necessary

Crocheting
Fingering the clothes of casual acquaintances and asking what they cost
Putting things on the dresser in order of size

Writing on nice bright-coloured notepaper, for choice?

You just never catch men doing these things. The only answer to the riddle is—it's how people are!

On the other hand, men and women often distinguish themselves in each other's traditional jobs. The big prizes in art needlework and cookery are more frequently taken by men than by women, but the women who make metal chains at Cradley have become famous as skilled blacksmiths of a remarkably brawny kind.

The greatest pianoforte virtuosi and musical composers have been men, but the most callous and brutal of all warriors were the Amazons of Dahomey, who cut off their right breasts simply to get a better grip of their guns.

The chief differences between men and women seem, after all, to lie in the customs and gentle habits of home and play—those trivial things that mean so very, very little, and yet—somehow—matter so very, very much.

WHY DO WE SAY

PINCHBECK?

Meaning spurious or of poor quality. Named after Christopher Pinchbeck, an 18th century Fleet Street manufacturer of cheap watches and imitation jewellery.

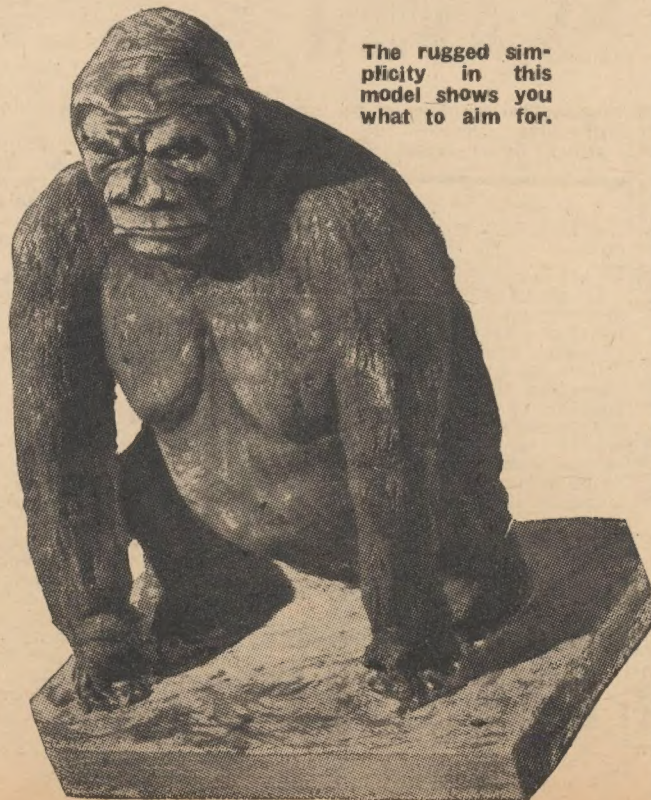
Hobbies for Submariners

PLASTIC MODELLING

E. G. SMETTEM

LAST Sunday we dealt with the beginnings of modelling in plasticine and other mediums such as ordinary fire cement, and we showed a simple cottage constructed from flat sections, modelled separately and then assembled.

Now turn to our back page in this issue. You will see here something which we know cannot be attempted in a submarine—but you will also see a city of individual models, made separately in plastic medium, just as the cottage was



The rugged simplicity in this model shows you what to aim for.

made, and then assembled into streets and squares.

BUILT BY AN AMATEUR.

The significant thing about this masterly model is that it was built by an amateur—a woman—who had never built a model before! And this brings me to another point—you need not be able to draw or sketch to be a successful modeller.

You will find it easier if you attempt to make a model than to put the same thing on paper with a pencil. If you get a pound of plasticine and commence on some simple, solid things, or on some sections of buildings plastered on to cardboard, you will gain confidence quite quickly, and surprise yourself.

SIMPLE TOOLS.

Besides your penknife, you only need the simplest of tools, which you can shape from skewers of wood. A double-ended tool with a round, sharp point (like a pencil) and with the other end shaped flat like a spade, can be made in a few seconds, while a useful scooping tool is made by binding a loop of wire to the end of a pencil.

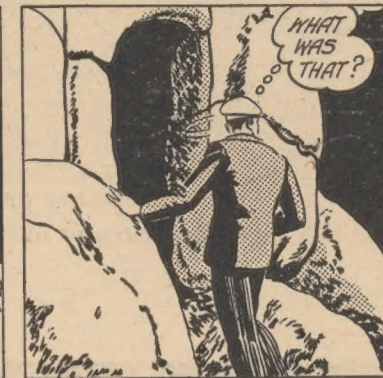
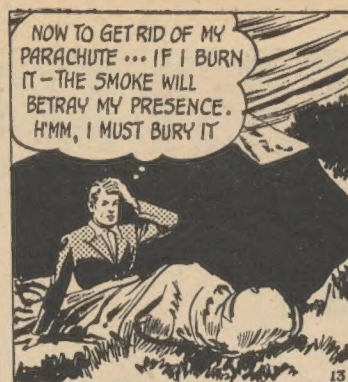
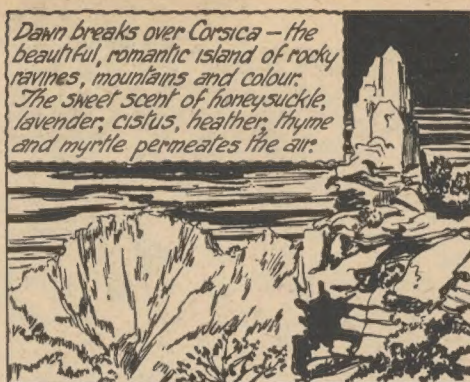
A USEFUL PRINCIPLE.

We illustrate here a plastic model of an ape, to illustrate a model made from a solid mass of plastic material, and this is the kind of solid model which the beginner will find profitable to experiment upon.

The method of modelling such subjects is not, as many imagine, to build on, but to cut away from a solid mass of plastic, roughly at first to get the general shape, and then with your finer tools to model in the detail gradually.

In doing small figures like this, it is as well to impale the mass of material on a core of wood—an upright stick mounted in the base—so that the model is held rigid while the work proceeds.

BUCK RYAN



SEASICK—BUT HE WROTE "YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND"

THE man who wrote "Ye Mariners of England" was a Scot—and he nearly got into gaol because of it. He was the first man ever to say there will always be an England.

The man who wrote "Rule, Britannia," was also a Scot—and he went to prison. For debt.

Thomas Campbell was the man who wrote "Ye Mariners of England," even if he was born in High Street, Glasgow, in 1777. He was a bit of a card. At the age of ten he was writing poetry—in Glasgow!—and when he went to Edinburgh to school he wrote an ode to the head master asking for a holiday—and he got it.

Later he went to the Continent, and led a gay life among some revolutionaries. Returning he took a trip to Edinburgh from London by sea, and was sick most of the time. That gave him inspiration, and he wrote "Ye Mariners of England" on the way; but he didn't know that he was suspected of being something of a revolutionary himself until a friend gave him the hint. At Leith his baggage was impounded, and the authorities went through it with a small-tooth comb to find treasonable stuff.

LAUGHING IT OFF.

They found the manuscript of his song, and a Government official was about to haul Campbell off to gaol on the strength of it; but after he had read the lines he asked Campbell to come and have a drink. They split several bottles that night.

Remarkable, isn't it, that his lines actually forecast the policy of successive British Governments, and still does, notwithstanding aeroplanes.

**Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves;
Her home is on the deep.**

That is true to-day as the day it was written; and think of the mighty belief which every Briton manifests at every world crisis! You find that challenge in every war, and especially in this one in Campbell's lines:—

**The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart
And the star of peace return.**

HE WROTE "RULE, BRITANNIA."

No poet could ever beat that, not even Thomson, who wrote "Rule, Britannia," when he was only 27.

His father was a worthy man who believed in ghosts, and once tried to exorcise one—with the result that he caught a chill and became a ghost himself, leaving his family with hardly any money to carry on here below.

The son went to Edinburgh University, then took ship to London; and ultimately was sent to prison because of a debt of £70 he couldn't pay. He was languishing there when the famous actor Quin stepped into his cell one night with a bottle of wine and a roast chicken under his arm. They had a merry time.

When Quin was well on with the bottle he confided to Thomson that he had read one book of his (Thomson's) poems and intended to leave him £100 in his will. Thomson, with a look round his cell, suggested that he hoped he had a long time to wait for the legacy, but... Quin took the hint and gave him a cheque for the £100.

That got Thomson out of quod, and he went to live down at Kew, where he became quite affluent. He met another Scot there named Mallet, and together they got up a masque for the then Prince of Wales. The Prince was so pleased that he became the patron of Thomson.

But the funny—or maybe not so funny—thing is that although Thomson was as Scottish as Ben Lomond, the Scots never quite forgave him. He wrote "Rule, Britannia," in order to stimulate the British seamen who were in danger of being beaten by the Spaniards. He succeeded, but you will hardly find "Rule, Britannia," in any Scottish song-book.

He, too, went to Poets' Corner in Westminster; but all they have to remember him by in Scotland is a statue in Roxburghshire.

MRS. PYM FINDS MURDERER.

Solution to Three-Minute Thriller

Even Kell was staggered. If young Start was the murderer, then he was a genius. There was no sign of blood on his double-breasted jacket. But Mrs. Pym frowned grimly.

"I didn't see it at first, Kell. His jacket's buttoned to the left, like a woman's—he wants his inheritance quickly, I'll bet. You'll find the blood on the jacket when you button it to the right, as it should be worn."

Kell whistled when he tried the suggestion. The sodden front of the jacket told its own story.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

This England . .



A crooked tile and crooked timber—but they've held together for centuries. Your forefather or mine built this cottage in a wealth of green—lived and died there, and left us this picture of our native land.

It's "the berries!"



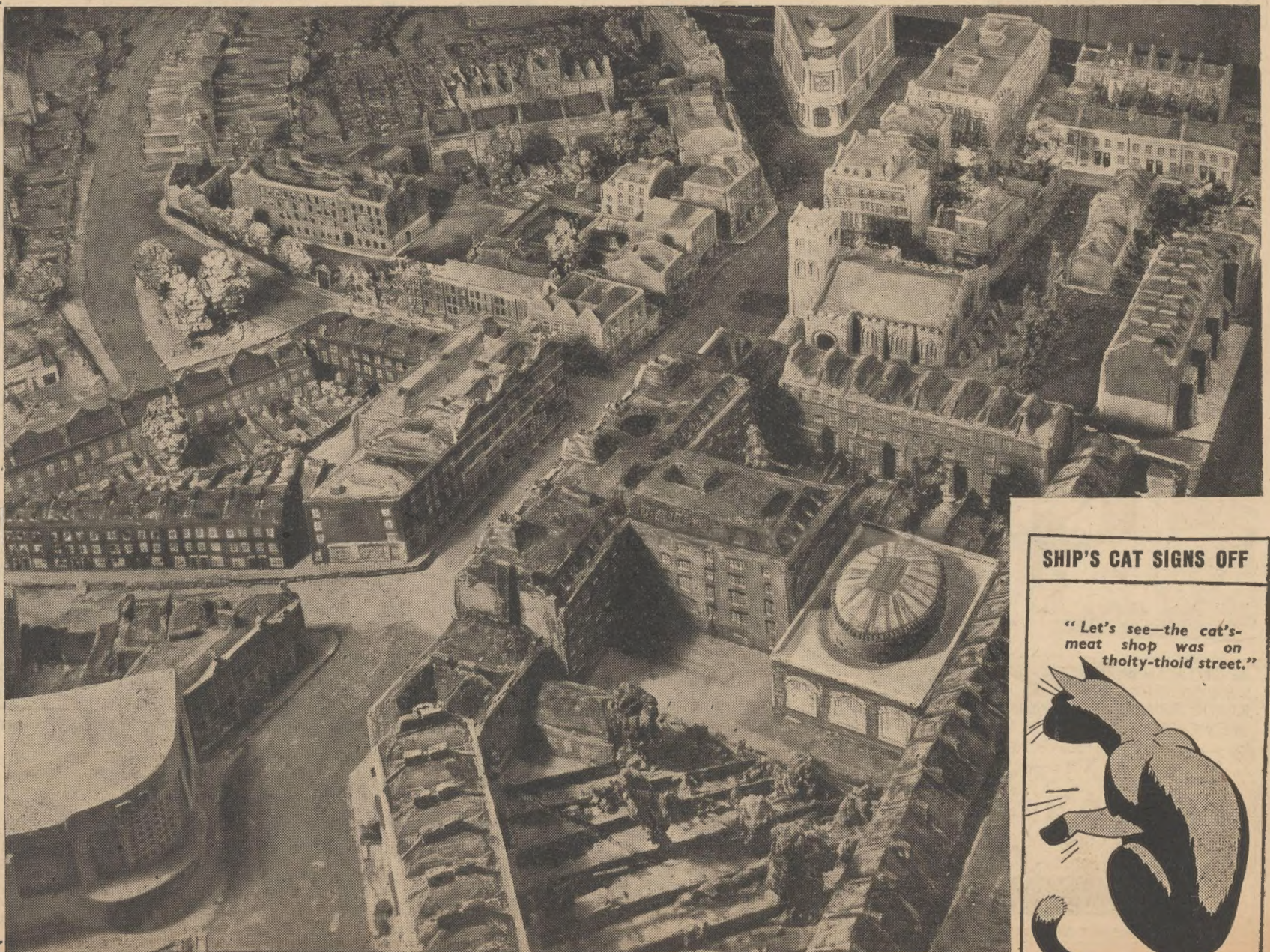
It's the berries—the strawberries in this case—and the young man thinks so, too. Maybe he was supposed to take the basket home, but—well—a chap can't walk around with such temptation without falling just once—at a time!

CITY OF THE DEAD ?

Looks like it. The streets are deserted. There's no queue outside the cinema—no vans parked outside the shops—no pedestrians thronging the pavements; maybe the siren's gone!

Actually this town with no name was built by a woman. It's size is 8ft. square. It's purpose is to serve as a lecture model for officers training street-fighting units.

To readers of "Good Morning" it has another meaning. The lady had never made a model before, yet she built this in plastic-fire cement—on a canvas covered board base. She built it house by house or block by block, from flat sections of baked cement, modelled while plastic.



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Let's see—the cat's—
meat shop was on
thoity-thoid street."

